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P96

Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

THE FIRST OF
THE BUNNER STORIES
IN THIS NUMBER

WEEK ENDING APRIL 1, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



Painted by F. Earl Christy

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING—

R.I.V.P.



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in New York for \$1

You think nothing, in your poor deluded way, of spending \$2 for a single theatre ticket, or for three faded gardenias, when for only \$1 you can secure six issues of Vanity Fair. If you want to blossom out into a sophisticated New Yorker; if you want to become a regular, Class A, 12 cylinder, self-starting human being, simply tear off the coupon to the left, along the perforated line, fill it out, put it in an envelope; stamp and mail it—with or without money.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York

Well, I'd like to join the party by subscribing to Vanity Fair. I therefore enclose \$1 with this bill. Send me the current issue at once—and the five later issues as they appear. (OR) Well, I'd like to join the party by subscribing to Vanity Fair but I do not enclose \$1 as I prefer to open an account with you. Please send me the current issue at once, and the five later issues as they appear. I will send you the \$1 on receipt of your bill.

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Pace 4-1-16

DO you like parties? If you do, then you should not lose a moment's time in accepting this invitation to a six-months' party in the heart of New York. Don't miss it! Music! Singing! Theatricals! Dancing! Evening Dress! You simply **MUST** come to this party for sophisticated people, as the guest of Vanity Fair.

Your own relatives won't know you

YOU positively won't know yourself when you get back home after that six months' party in what is now the gayest capital of the world. And, which is much more to the point, your friends won't know you either.

Your own blood relatives won't know you.

They'll probably think you're some visiting European crowned head in disguise. Such aplomb! Such ease of manner, such habiliments de luxe, such wide learning, such brilliant wit, such many-sided culture, and oh! such exquisite savoir faire.

You'll meet Gotham's most distinguished:

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So just hop on to Vanity Fair's special, all-Pullman, all-anthracite, all-vestibuled buffet and drawing room express, and come for a six months' party in the heart of New York—without leaving your own home, and without spending a cent more than \$1.

You'll find your round-trip ticket in the opposite corner of this page

Puck

PUCK'S Tea Table is Shelled by a Big Bertha

We have been dared! In the midst of our peaceful contemplation of spring, the reappearance of bathing girl covers and the hurdy-gurdy, this messenger from one of the Kaiser's apostles falls squarely in the center of the picture and musses up the tea things scandalously.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK:

Print this if you dare!

According to report, Puck is the outgrowth of a business in painting signs and providing ribald pictures for saloons, and while this report may not be entirely true, it is true that the ideals and standards of your publication are just as low and just as cheap and sordid as their reputed origin ever could have been.

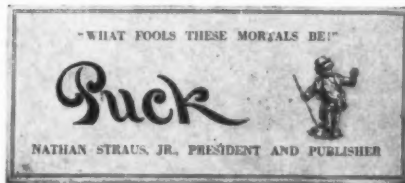
At heart you are pro-German, but you are full of abuse of the Kaiser, relieved now and then by malicious slurs at the Allies and by hypocritical assertions of neutrality. Prejudices of the meanest sort are rampant throughout your pages; some thinly veiled, others undisguised; and nothing that you print has dignity, cleverness, or, in fact, anything except vulgarity to make it conspicuous.

Selfish aggressiveness and physical energy may enable you to be successful commercially, but you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and you will never achieve anything higher than financial success—not much to brag of in these times when pugilists, gamblers and even more vicious characters can surpass you at it.

You wouldn't dare to direct your satire at anything you thought might come back at you effectively. You say you would, but you wouldn't any more than you give the public what it wants in the way of humor. What you give the public is not what it wants, but what your vulgar and crude taste deludes you into thinking it wants. You couldn't perceive the real taste of the public if it were fired at you from a 42 centimetre gun, your own stupid and presumptuous preconceptions deaden you so to everything but them. So you and your sycophant staff go on not only misrepresenting American thought and feeling, but preventing as far as you are able the real humor and sentiment of the nation from finding expression. You are just like the theatrical syndicate, you have got command of an important material medium of expression, and you are fighting tooth and nail to see that nothing passes through it that challenges material power or the supremacy of vulgarity. You will never know it, but your fight is a hopeless one; stupidity may defy the gods to conquer it, but it cannot conquer the gods, and American taste and American intelligence will survive and develop in spite of you and all that you can do.

KARL KELLNER.

And to think that as we gaze pensively out the window toward



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KARL SCHMIDT.

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FOSTER GILROY.

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Madison Square Garden, harboring the great charity bazaar for the Teutonic war sufferers, the little fraulein in charge of the periodical booth telephones us that she is all sold out of Pucks.

Verily, 'tis a sad world, and the charity that begins at home usually remains there.

Next Week's Cover



FULL SWING

This cut but faintly conveys the vivid action and appealing color of next week's cover by Harry Morse Myers. The art insert next week is a full page in color by Raphael Kirchner, of Paris, entitled "Spring." Mr. Kirchner's work appears in America exclusively in PUCK, and the remaining paintings in the collection will make their appearance regularly from now on.

Even out in the Kansas Sahara, they treat Puck with a kindlier tolerance.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

PUCK, DEAR:

We've noticed, out here in the pie belt, a tendency on the part of K. S. to point the finger of scorn at his Bush League confreres. We take this good humoredly, of course, but, Puck, have you Gothamites ever held up to yourselves the mirror of introspection? We've learned a lot about little old Manhattan lately. Most of it makes good reading.

Out here, for instance, we wouldn't give a gentleman a \$150,000 bonus for packing us like sardines in an underground tube. Sardines, did I say? I libel the finny delicacy. For in his little tin sarcophagus, each sardine has his allotted space, while you, when you try to go home, find that your space has already been assigned to half a dozen of your neighbors.

Neither do we pay \$6.00 for a *canneton a la presse* and then dance around the café with a petite blonde until it grows cold and brings on indigestion.

Out here, too, we have never fallen for the bland story of the gentleman in the box-office that "you can get good seats at \$5.00 each" from his slick little partner out on the curb.

Nor do we pay \$3.50 for a hat and then expend \$17.50 during the next six months rescuing it from a youthful bandit at the door, who is paid \$5.00 a week by a rich syndicate for wheedling dimes out of your pockets.

No, Puck, old dear, there's many a thing put over on you that wouldn't get by out here in the alfalfa.

When we are permitted to visit a cabaret where they charge us \$8.00 a quart for Erie champagne with a French label, we, unlike you, never clamor to be allowed to pay an admission fee besides. That is the sacred prerogative of the New Yorker.

We like you out here, Puck, but poke a little fun occasionally at your native son, who falls *harder* and more often than any other resident of Christendom.

Yours smilingly,
ROLAND ROYCE.

A Wrong Righted

Some weeks ago Puck published a list of names of men whose efforts to aid the war sufferers abroad were not at all commensurate with the means at their disposal for so doing. Among this list there inadvertently was mentioned that of Mr. Hugo Reisinger. Mr. Reisinger's name did not properly belong in any such list. Facts that were not at that time available now reveal the fact that he was a very large benefactor to the community at large and to the Red Cross in particular.

Puck is extremely sorry that such an error should have occurred.

THE EDITOR.

A man who has more than one wife
is not a bigamist, but an optimist.



Willie's notion of the sole occupation of
his female relatives

The Pacifists' Latest Hero

The United States Army — what there is of it — has crossed the Mexican boundary in pursuit of a half-breed bandit who paused long enough in his customary pursuit of ravishing women to murder a few American citizens, including several soldiers.

Having in mind the utter contempt in which they held the rights of American citizens we shall be surprised if the Gores, the Carews and the McLemores in Congress do not immediately come forward with panegyrics lauding Villa for his brave defiance of the United States forces.

Perhaps his capture — for he will be captured — will pave the way for a lucrative Summer engagement on the Chautauqua circuit, in which occupation he can use as press notices the yards of interviews in which American correspondents have faithfully described his soft voice and gentle manners.

Eugene V. Debs has lost his job at last. Allan L. Benson is the new Socialist candidate for President.

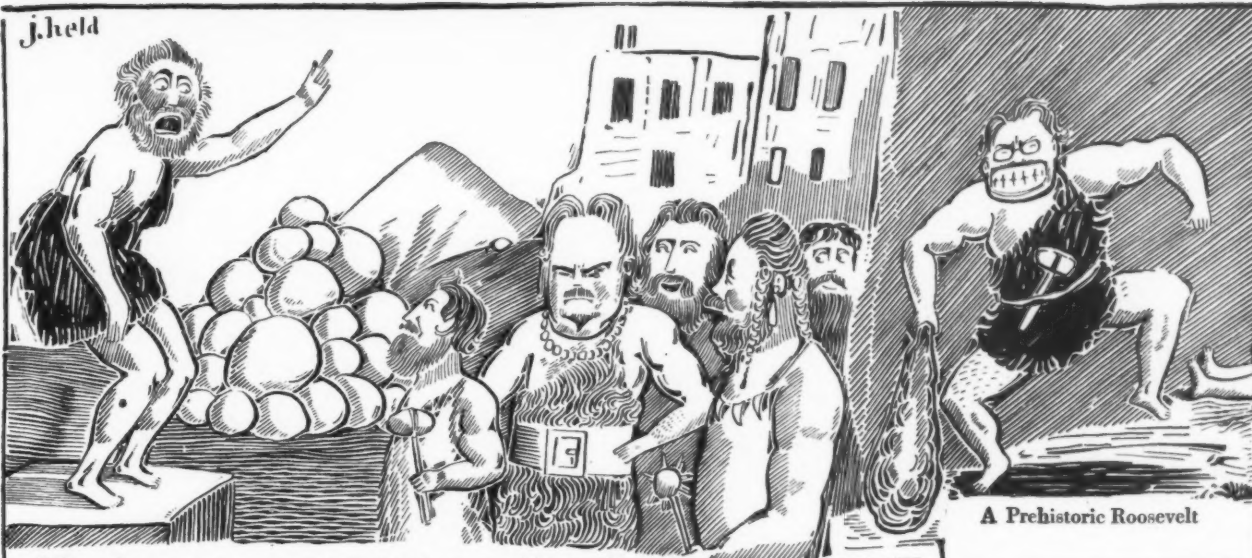


A PROOF READER

Said the Judge
to the lawyers:
“I ain’t got any
too much respect
for lawyers as a
tribe, or breed, so
to speak. You will
only embarrass
me an’ the jury in de-
cidin’ the issue.” This
trial in Cyrus Town-
send Brady’s “The
Smooth Course of
Justice” is as funny
as the best yarns that
ever came out of Wolf-
ville. No more amusing
story has been published in
a long time. Look for it
in the April 1st issue of

Collier's ^{5¢ a copy}
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
410 West 13th Street, New York City

J. Held



A Prehistoric Roosevelt

"The only sure way to prevent war is to be prepared for it. The tribe that has the biggest pile of stones is the one that is safe from attack."
— Preparedness orator.



A Prehistoric Dove of Peace

Picture of a group of men making a dug-out canoe. "If we expect to control the seas, we've got to build at least six of these every year."



A prehistoric periscope

"There's nothing like being prepared. Look at Cain and Abel. Abel might have been alive to-day, if, etc. * * *



A Prehistoric Marjorie Sterret, soliciting contributions for a birch-bark battleship.

WHEN "PREPAREDNESS" WAS NEW

The science of war-prevention had its beginning a long, long time ago



Says Professor Baumgardt: "Travel in the heavens by means of the telescope gives man an idea of his own insignificance." Will some one please hand Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler a telescope?

At a southern house-party, the hostess received her guests "clad as a farmer's boy, in a blouse, overalls and hayseed hat." It must have seemed strange to be fully dressed all the evening.

The warring nations are showing no mercy to "slackers," punishment being carried even to the point of confiscation of property. We trust no one is disturbing the belongings of any of the royal families.

The Interborough pension fund will amount to about \$50,000 annually. Or, in simple, financial terms, the equivalent of one modest "bonus."



A BLOT ON THE FLAG

"The only freedom which deserves the name, is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it."

—John Stuart Mill.

Men and women of fine health and physique under the ban of despotism and oppression never have the opportunity to learn to read and write. Many of them who come to this country for the very reason that it gives them and their children opportunities of education which they have been denied in the old country. The Literacy Test would defeat this purpose and make our boasted virtues a joke. It has been well said that freedom is not freedom where others are denied the right and opportunity to become freemen.

According to advance reports, house-boating is to enjoy a big boom of popularity this year. The family of modest income will come into its own when the apartment-house boat is launched.

What we want in popular government, says Professor Taft, is to get on. So? We always supposed that the main thing was to get IN.

Talking on the subject of indigestion, Mr. Rockefeller tells us that he "always stops eating while he is still hungry." Lots of people, Mr. Rockefeller, do that — but not from choice.

Carlisle School has inaugurated a course in millinery for Indians. Possibly, on the theory that it is better to put something on the scalp than it is to take something off.



SHRAPNEL SOCIETY

"War munition contracts, placed in the United States, had much to do with the successful season at Palm Beach and other Florida resorts." —News item.

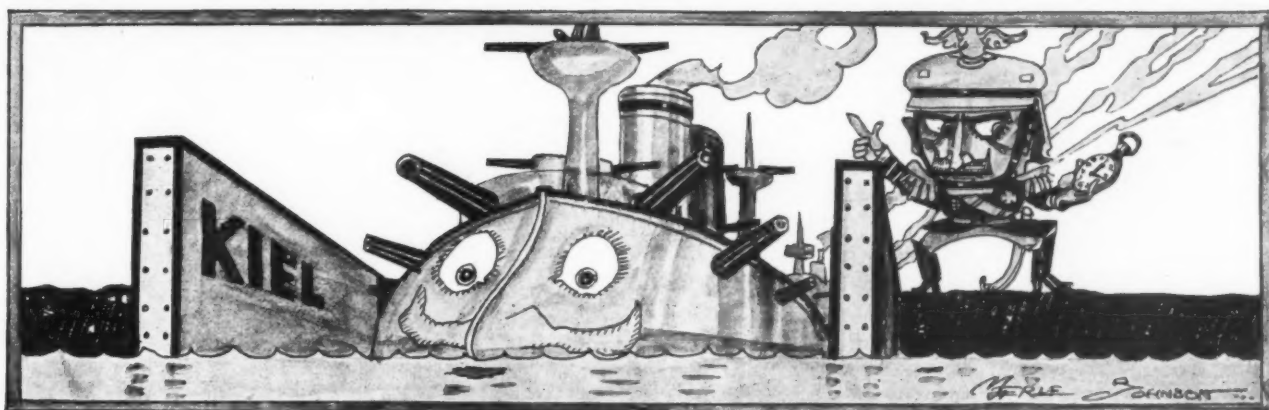
The new Secretary of War, Mr. Baker, confessed that as a boy he "never even played with tin soldiers." Which is, perhaps, just as well. He won't have to unlearn anything.

The greatest difficulty of the Turks is said to be their empty treasury. The Turks could use in their business a Mohammed Ben Perkins.

"Actor overcome by sleep," says a headline. Turn about is fair play. Think how often an audience has been overcome by sleep.

A western legislature has passed a bill forbidding the use of frogs' legs for food. The inevitable result will be to make countless scores of persons want to eat frogs' legs who never had the slightest desire to taste them before.

The President of the National Housewives' League says that there never was such a demand for babies for adoption. The supply is wholly inadequate. And to further complicate matters, a four-year-old bull moose is shortly to be abandoned in Chicago.



Drawings by Merle Johnson

THE NEWS IN RIME

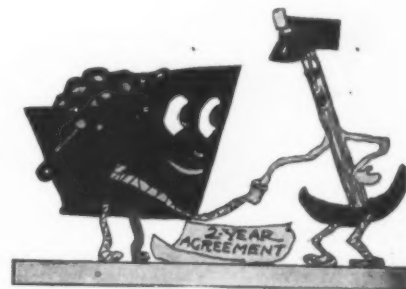
The line 'twixt here and Mexico
Is quite a fancy border,
But U. S. troops have gone below,
By Presidential order.
They're hot upon the gory trail
Of Pancho Rancho Villa
(Watch where you're at
In reading that —
You rhyme it with "idea.")

The Germans, caught in Verdun's
mesh,
Are everlasting pounding —
A never-ending pound of flesh
That sets the hills resounding.
T. R., in an heroic mood,
Took measures to deny it;
The poor old egg
Is forced to beg
For somebody to buy it.

The actors ask for union rates,
And would be labor factors;
A thousand walking delegates
To every thousand actors.
The cloak-and-suiters struck again —
Some blessed thing's disputed;
We get the "cloak" —
(Now comes the joke) —
But gosh! they're never suited!



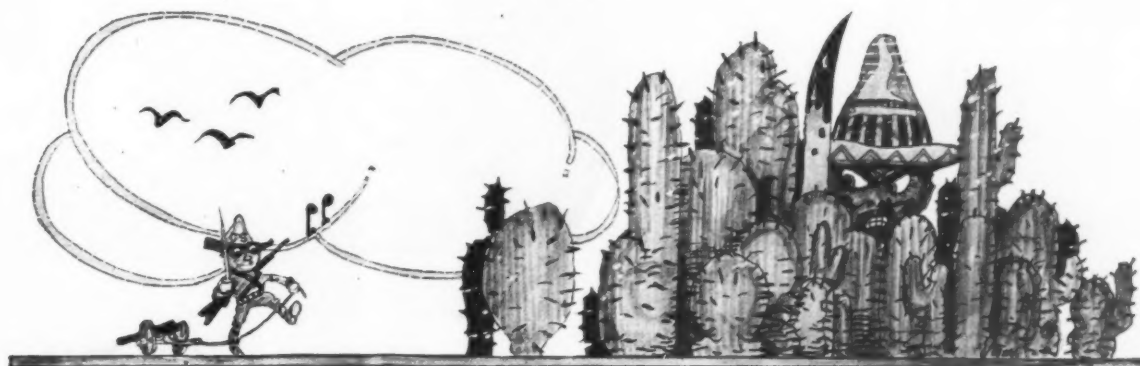
The Socialistic candidate
Is named — *that* matter's ended
(There are so many ways, of late,
That time can be expended).
Moran and Willard wriggled through
Their little exhibition;
The suffs again
Request the men
To grant their sole ambition.



The doughty tennis player who tries
The arm of Molla Bjurstedt,
Unless she has a thousand eyes,
Will speedily be wjurstedt.
The busy English banned quill
pens —
They're right up to the minute;
The German fleet
Is quite discreet,
And Portugal is in it.

The Teuts, when steel or rubber's
missed,
Just practice substitution;
A lot of merchants we could list
Have hit on that solution.
Lord Northcliffe candidly confessed
That Johnnie Bull is flawless;
It seems straw hats
Need dyeing vats —
Ergo, we shall go strawless.

Judge Gary carelessly confronts
A jolly young indictment;
C. Chaplin did some movie stunts —
Good heavens! what excitement!
The world is running short of ink;
Hear thou our lamentation —
We blithely say!
Hurrah! Hurray!
We'll get a nice vacation!





By Hy Mayer

"YOU MUST WAIT. I HAVE OTHER MOUTHS TO FEED"



Ruck

VOL. LXXIX No. 2039
WEEK ENDING APRIL 1, 1916



Mr. Osborne's Vindication

WE congratulate Thomas Mott Osborne, rightful warden of Sing Sing, on winning his first skirmish with the contractors' cabal that seeks to remove him from office. The charges of perjury, trumped up in the hope of relieving the Westchester politicians of the embarrassment of pressing their other preposterous "charges," have been unceremoniously thrown out of court, bag and baggage.

There remain other indictments which will be used to their utmost to harass Mr. Osborne. Every device at the command of a remorseless political ring has been utilized in forging a chain of convict testimony to discredit any move toward prison reform.

It is refreshing to contemplate, therefore, that until Mr. Osborne is able to resume his post at Sing Sing, acting Warden Kirchwey, a devoted adherent to the Osborne principles, effectually blocks the way to the rich spoils for which "Westchester Bill" and his cronies are putting up so active a campaign.

Looking a Gift Horse in the Mouth

IF it weren't for that \$500,000 account at his broker's, we would be inclined to shed a tear or so for Theodore P. Shonts.

Because the City of New York entertains a strong suspicion that when the Directors of the Interborough Rapid Transit asked Mr. Shonts "to step outside the room," in order to vote him a bonus of \$125,000, they gratified their outburst of generosity by voting this money from the city treasury instead of their own treasury.

Consequently, Gotham's city fathers have entered suit against the Interborough for the return of the \$125,000 so blithely voted the blushing Mr. Shonts, together with some \$51,000 in bonuses to other deserving Interborough employees, all of which, according to the City's allegation, was ultimately designed to come out of the taxpayer's pockets.

It's mighty easy to be generous with the other fellow's money. In fact, the spirit of thrift evidenced by the Interborough directors in this little transaction leads us to fear for Mr. Shonts's bonus should the City win its suit.

Will they ask him to give it back? Was it, after all, only an Indian gift? Our advice to

Mr. Shonts is to keep it intact; he may have urgent use for it later.

Which brings us quite naturally to another item of some \$500,000 paid Mr. Morgan's firm "for signifying their willingness" to lend the Interborough money if Mr. Shonts needed it.

Was this taxpayers' money? Did you ever rush down to your bank and give the cashier \$100 because he told you he might lend you money a little later in the month at very advantageous terms—to him? If you did this, wouldn't you expect the cashier to ring up the pscopathic ward in a hurry?

Mr. Morgan didn't ring up the pscopathic ward, or any other ward. He pocketed the \$500,000 and probably said:

"Well done, Theodore; come around some day next year and we may let you have a little loan at a nice fat rate of interest."

There's nothing like being prepared—even to lend money.

Hot Air in Congress

THESE are parlous times in Congress. Let the doubter turn for an instant to that well of omnipotence, *The Record*, if he would dispel the illusion that our hard-worked servants in Washington are trifling their time away with the frivolities of Preparedness, the Tariff, or the massacre of American citizens.

Let us give ear for a moment to the Hon. John N. Tillman, who collects \$7500 a year and mileage from an Arkansas constituency for perpetrating this:

When God made Dixie he was in a particularly happy frame of mind. He swept the wide universe with His mighty eye, and reaching out His generous hand He gathered together, in the twinkling of an eye, a thousand square miles of blue sky and unrolled it like a scroll from the Ohio to the Gulf and from ocean to ocean. He lighted it by day with the same smiling sun that shed its brilliant rays over cultured Athens in the golden age of Pericles and shone over happy Italy when Horace sang of the field and the vine. He sowed this blue sky with stars that look like angels' eyes. He planted in the south seas the Southern Cross, and flooded the blessed land with flowers and sunshine.

Rubbish! And no one knows it better than the colleagues of the Honorable Gentleman from Arkansas, who are obliged to halt matters of the utmost national importance while flapdoodle of this nature is incorporated into the *Congressional Record*.

The Congressional program is evidently to talk the President's defense bills to an untimely death.

Ruck



DAPHNE: Now, grandma, if you dare come back with holes in those stockings of mine, I'll make you give me the middy blouse you bought yourself last week

The New Freedom

You cannot stand on a street corner and bawl in the ear of every passerby the name and merits of whatever your merchandise may be. After the passersby had concluded their argument with you, the police would remove your mangled remains, and you might hope to live long enough to hear the judge say "thirty days." But you can get the same effect and no risk whatever by hiring the use of a billboard. From this safe point of vantage you may blast the eyes of your fellow man with the wildest atrocities of type and color; you may hurl into his teeth the rankest and most impudent blasphemies against good taste; you may even corrupt his children with horrid blotches of idiocy, nasty notices of nastier plays. You may quite legally destroy the pleasures formerly taken in a beautiful landscape, or vista, by erecting a mass of signs and pushing them gently but firmly into the voyager's eye. You may make sure that the man who runs will not only read, but read just what you want him to read. In this you have the advantage of the newspapers and the magazines. For, if a man dislike the advertising matter carried by his newspaper, he can quit the newspaper. Whereas, if he dislike the advertising you shove under his nose by way of a signboard, he has only the choice between wearing blinders or moving to the Arctic circle.

We are not distinctly aware of just what is meant by the "new freedom," of which one now speaks confidentially; but if it includes a freedom from billboard advertising, you may set us down for at least two votes in rapid succession. Perhaps it is too much to hope. Perhaps Utopia, after all, is a fanciful country where no signs are

painted on barns, and business men have learned to speak without shouting. Perhaps a people who have endured the



CORDIAL

sight of billboards for so many years without even getting a cent of taxation



"Look how my bathing-suit has shrunk, dear"
"Why, that's not your bathing-suit, that's Fido's sweater!"

from them by way of alleviating the mental agony, can scarcely be expected suddenly to rise up and smite them now.

It may be so. It may be that the hands that once tossed the offensive tea to the sacred codfish have been manicured into impotence. But we think not. We think that some day a vigilance committee, consisting of several hundred thousand exasperated citizens, will madly attack a few of the most offensive billboards and joyously shatter them over the heads of the gentlemen responsible for them.

At any rate, the billboards have escaped taxation about long enough. The assessor is just coming around the bend.

Taking It Upon Himself

Mass Meeting, Carnegie Hall, Monday, March 13, at 8.30, to voice frankly America's sympathy with the cause of the Allies. We condemn the aims of the Teutonic Powers as a menace to human liberty. Admission by Ticket Without Charge. Apply at Hall. American Rights Committee, George Haven Putnam, Pres., 45 Cedar Street.

—Advertisement in New York papers.

Who is Mr. Putnam who arrogates to himself the right to "voice America's sympathy with the cause of the Allies"? Has America any sympathy with the cause of either of the belligerents—and if so, who has delegated Mr. Putnam to "voice" it?

Take a hint, Mr. Putnam. It's just this sort of sympathy-voicing that has done so much to discredit the cause of the Central Powers in the United States. However, it is doubtful if even they have been so bitterly partisan as you and your committee. A little less "voicing" and a little less "condemning" by you, Mr. Putnam, will be the greatest assistance that you can proffer to the cause which you desire to further.

The Dawn of an Idea

By K. L. Roberts

In the early days of the Mezzotint period there dwelt, in the depths of the primeval forest, a small green-faced baboon who didn't get enough exercise. Consequently the circumference of his upper arm was about three inches too small; and he invariably developed a tired feeling at about three o'clock in the afternoon. This weariness prevented him from learning too much about anything, and made it very easy for employers to get along without him. Consequently he heartlessly abandoned labor, and made frequent references to the degrading drudgery of trade. When he became hungry, he borrowed the price of a meal from successful drudges.

But the other baboons, who exercised regularly, were unable to grasp his viewpoint. They would find him sitting in the top of a prehistoric oak-tree, contemplating the infinite with melancholy eyes and scratching himself abstractedly; and they would say to him coarsely: "What are you doing now? Are you working yet, or what?"

Such questions were highly offensive to the baboon's delicate sensibilities; and at the end of a few years of idleness he came to the conclusion that he would have to take some immediate and energetic steps if he wished to avoid becoming a drudge.

"But alas!" said he to himself, as he swung dreamily by his tail from the stout limb of a towering ginkgo tree, "I want to do something which won't require any work. I can't stand work. It would make me horribly unhappy."

Suddenly he was struck by a happy thought. "I have it!" he cried, hauling himself up on the branch and cracking his tail like a whip in his delight. "I have often heard Father say that you could fool all of the people part of the time and part of the people all of the time; so I will invent something that nobody knows anything about, and pretend to be working at it. If I can fool a few people a couple of years, I ought to be on Easy Street.

So, after a few moments of deep thought, the baboon came down from his tree and called upon one of the most prominent lady baboons in that section of the woods. In the course of the conversation he informed her that he had broken away from old ideas and conventions in Art, and had conceived a mode of expression, known as Passionistic Art, that was sure to revolutionize the expression of genius.

The lady baboon was dazed by the turbulent flow of words, and said that

Passionistic Art must be perfectly lovely. After her visitor had gone, she spoke with a few friends in the next tree and assured them that this new Passionistic Art Stuff was simply marvellous and too sweet for words.

As a result, the baboon was invited to address a few choice spirits on the subject of Passionistic Art at a Thursday afternoon tea. He did this in language that would have put even

pictures too wonderful for anything.

The baboon let his hair grow and affected sloppy postures. Instead of going about his business in the cool and healthful atmosphere of the tree-tops, he hung around the marshes and drank stagnant water because it was so Bohemian. He worked up a large following, who became successful Passionistic artists because of the speed with which they could pick up a



SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS

a wild turkey to sleep; and all the ladies voted him just grand. He also received a sufficient number of luncheon and dinner engagements to keep him from starving for a month.

He then went home and prepared two Passionistic pictures by throwing two handfuls of colored clay against a stone wall. He entitled one of these "Cocoon Descending a Peach Tree" and labeled the other "Mental Attitude of a Fish Approaching a Worm." A few hopeless creatures claimed that they didn't understand what the baboon was driving at, and that he couldn't be quite right in his head; but prominent lady baboons pronounced the

handful of clay and hurl it against a rock, and the superciliousness with which they could stare at persons who smiled at the results. What was more, his following was very glad to pay his restaurant bills and occasionally loan him enough to buy a clean collar. Thus the baboon considered that he was having a far easier and more interesting life than he could have as a stove-salesman or a piano-mover.

But after a few months of it, his mental processes became badly addled, and he had to be confined in an asylum for the remainder of his life.

The doctor's verdict was "Overwork."



WHAT HAS JUST BEEN SAID?

(Puck's Puzzle Picture Contest)

• Next to a profound devotion to Charlie Chaplin's duck feet, Puck believes that the American public dearly loves a puzzle. The temptation to annex a diamond sunburst for supplying the missing letters in the words N—w Yo—k is strong upon us.

Hence this puzzle picture. What has just been said, at the instant which Jack Held has so ably depicted? *Something* has been said; what is it? For the best answer to this burning query, Puck will give one stick of peanut brittle. No relatives, distant or immediate, of the editorial staff will be permitted to enter this contest. It is dedicated, free and clear, to the puzzle fans of the country.

William's Drive on London

The impossible happened; William invaded England. All that the English could do to prevent him was done, but without avail. He crossed the Channel, and his forces stood on English soil, ready to march on London.

Between them and their prize was drawn up the flower of England's defenders. But not for long. William's mighty host swept everything before it. The English broke and fled, leaving their dead and wounded on the field of disaster. Among the slain was England's King. The invader was master.

William, surrounded by his staff, rode to London, and clinched the conquest. He assumed the English crown and ruled with a hand of steel. Englishmen were everywhere humiliated. They had no rights which the invaders were bound to respect. Those who presumed to protest or oppose were hunted down, imprisoned, or put to death. English lands were seized; William distributed them to his favorites. English laws were supplanted. The very English language itself was ordered abolished.

The arrogance of the conquerors was without bounds. For their fallen foe they had only contempt, a contempt which they showed in every way possible. It was a sad day for England when the war was brought home to its

shores in the person of William. His threatened "drive on London" had been no idle boast. He had made good.

As time passed on, an incredible thing happened; a thing which the Englishmen who vainly opposed William would have deemed mad treason had they been alive to have noted it. Men who called themselves Englishmen, not only tolerated the



NOUNETTE: This is my newest dress, how do you like it?

GABRIELLE: It's beautiful, I had one exactly like it last year

fact of William's invasion, but actually identified themselves with it, and openly boasted of it.

"I can trace my ancestry back to William," the proudest among them would say, and other Englishmen would look upon such with envy. The best of Englishmen, it seemed, were those whose ancestors had not been English at all, but who had conquered the English, scorned them, ill-used and bullied them without mercy.

Then, one day, England was threatened by another William. There was danger of another invasion, of another "drive on London." Anything to beat William, was the cry.

"But why?" placidly inquired a member of a very old English family. "Why 'anything to beat William'?" Why not *welcome* William? Why not another conquest?"

All England gasped in horror.

"If," went on the placid speaker, "we as Englishmen cherish our descent from a *former* William, why should we refuse to the Englishmen of the future a like boon? We shall deprive posterity of much social distinction and prestige if we deny to this present William the privileges of our island. It is not for William that I am pleading; it is for the poor, pedigreeless Englishmen of five hundred years from now. From whom will they trace their ancestry?"

And with much doleful shakings of the head, his neighbors put the placid person in a mad-house.—A. H. F.

Two women recently held up and robbed two men in Atlanta, Georgia. We expect to hear, almost any day, that Southern chivalry has made it necessary for a brave Atlanta mob to drag a couple of nine-year-old girls from their work in a local factory and lynch them as suspects.

A woman suspect out in Indiana was found to have \$40,000 in bonds, \$6,000 in coupons and \$1,200 in cash concealed in her hair. We do not know its color, but this is our ultimate notion of "hair like spun gold."

The automobile, quoth Garrett P. Serviss, has quickened the pulse of the planet. And likewise, it has stopped with great suddenness the pulse of many a pedestrian on it.

It would be a mistake to nominate me unless the country has in its mood something of the heroic.—T. R.

Or of martyrdom.

It is perhaps just as well that Theodore P. Shonts relinquished the job of building the Panama Canal. Had he remained, his "bonus" on the Canal's completion might have bankrupted the United States.

THE PROFESSIONAL BOHEMIANS (WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAPTER)

I—THEY ORGANIZE

By virtue of having modeled a heroic relief of the *Olympia* for the Dewey Memorial Arch, Benedick Brevoort occupied a place of high honor in the councils of "The Square." It was plain to be seen, as he rapped for order, that a matter of vast import was about to be imparted to the assembled habitués of Tony's.

"Sordid commercialism," he began, "having lured from our ranks those spirits who now sell at a round figure the sweets of the mind which they once gave away so freely over their *Amerpicon*, it becomes incumbent upon us to preserve the Bohemian traditions so long centered about The Square.

"Therefore, if the ladies and gentlemen present will doff their disguises by depositing all horn-rimmed spectacles on the chairman's table, we will proceed to the organization of the Washington Square Chapter of the Amalgamated Professional Bohemians, by considering the following set of resolutions:"

Whereas, No great metropolis is entirely complete without its official Bohemia; and,

Whereas, The editors of our leading periodicals feel keenly the need of an efficiently organized group of Bohemians in the City of New York; and,

Whereas, The existing Bohemian has proved himself to be possessed of habits of diffidence and retirement, and of insufficient *savoir faire* to entitle him to admission to the very swagger studios of the Mews; therefore,

Be It Resolved, That we hereby form the Washington Square Chapter of the Amalgamated Professional Bohemians for the purpose of providing "copy" of a character heretofore unobtainable west of Montmartre; and be it further

Resolved, That we shall eschew sleep and the conventional periods and places of dining, to the end that we shall be seen in as large numbers as possible at unearthly hours in certain obscure and uncomfortable retreats to be hereafter decided upon; and be it further

Resolved, That the editors of the aforementioned journals shall be kept fully informed of our whereabouts at all times, and that every facility be accorded them, and especially their artists, to view and to take flashlight photographs of the Bohemian in his native lair.

A great shout signified the unanimous approval of Benedick's resolutions.

"At last," cried little Mignonette McDougall, in a seventh Heaven of ecstasy, "we are to have a sure enough Bohemia."

"Yes, Mignon, dear," boomed the big bass of Payton Dabbleton, "it is now incumbent upon us to impart to the more serious currents of metropolitan life that *bonne camaraderie* which we know so gloriously through Daudet, Du Maurier and James L. Ford.

"Ah, what can I say, when I see in this enthusiastic gathering the rebirth of that spirit of Bohemian comradeship that in an earlier and never-to-be-forgotten day found its expression at Maria's, Oyster Billy's and the Haymarket?" A tear, or perhaps a bead of perspiration, coursed down the



At last we are to have a sure enough Bohemia

massive face, to be brushed hastily away. "Forgive my weakness, friends," he resumed, "but the memory of Maria's *bouillabaisse* is a tender one, a tender one, indeed."

"Poor Payton," commiserated Mignonette a moment later to Benedick Brevoort, "he is terribly affected by his Bohemian memories."

"Yes," assented the clever young sculptor who had brought the Amalgamated Bohemians into being, "Payton's recollections go back to the days before a large cup with cream was supplanted by the *mazagran*."

"My, what a Bohemian he has been," and the petite Mignonette gazed with unfeigned admiration at the Nestor of their little group.

Taking advantage of a lull in the buzz of conversation, Brevoort brought the first meeting to a close.

"Friends," he announced, "we cannot enter upon a Bohemian career, especially as Professional Bohemians, without a general concurrence in a few simple poses. These will be thoroughly explained as soon as I can locate a stable for our next meeting."

"A stable?" A chorus of surprise went up.

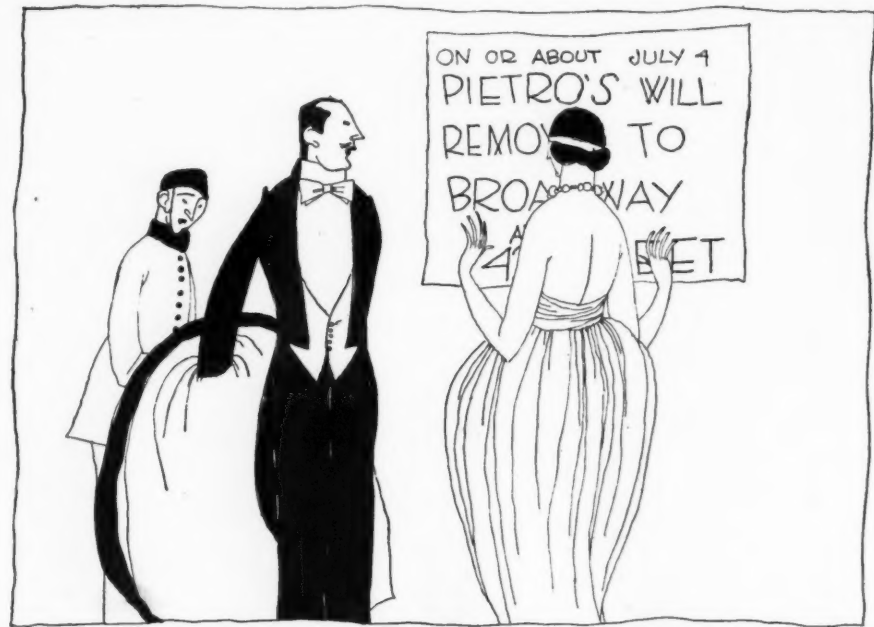
"Certainly, a stable! You don't suppose Washington Square Bohemians would meet anywhere else, do you?"



It becomes incumbent upon us to preserve the Bohemian traditions



① YOU DISCOVER A REALLY QUAINT RESTAURANT AND ARE SO CHARMED WITH IT AND WITH PIETRO, THE PADRONE, THAT YOU —



④ THE THIRD VISIT FINDS PIETRO OUT ON A MOTOR-PARTY AND HIS RESTAURANT FULL OF EVENING-CLOTHED PEOPLE HOLDING CARRIAGE CHECKS. A NOTICE OF REMOVAL —



② —TELL A FRIEND ABOUT IT. THE FRIEND TELLS A FRIEND A



⑤ —AND PIETRO'S MOVES TO THE G BECOMES ONE RESTAURANT PRECISE

THE WAY OF ALL R



LS A FRIEND, WHO TELLS A FRIEND, WHO TELLS
A FRIEND, WHO TELLS A FRIEND —



S TO THE GREAT WHITE WAY AND
ANT PRECISELY LIKE 750 OTHERS —

F ALL RESTAURANTS



③ — AND THE NEXT TIME YOU VISIT THE PLACE IT IS
FILLED WITH BOHEMIANS AND AESTHETES AND PIETRO IS IN
A DINNER-COAT SINGING 'O SOLE MIO'



⑥ — AND SO ENDS ITS CAREER

Drawn by Ralph Barton

THE LOVE LETTERS OF SMITH

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by R. Van Buren



She thought of the peaceful days in the country when she taught school in the Massachusetts village where she was born

WHEN the little seamstress had climbed to her room in the story over the top story of the great brick tenement house in which she lived, she was quite tired out. If you do not understand what a story over a top story is, you must remember that there are no limits to human greed, and hardly any to the height of tenement houses. When the man who owned that seven-story tenement found that he could not rent another floor, he found no difficulty in persuading the guardians of our building laws to let him clap another story on the roof, like a cabin on the deck of a ship; and in the southeasterly of the four apartments on this floor the little seamstress lived. You could just see the top of her window from the street—the huge cornice that had capped the original front, and that served as her window-sill now, quite hid all the lower part of the story on top of the top-story.

The little seamstress was scarcely thirty years old, but she was such an old-fashioned little body in so many of her looks and ways that I had almost spelled her sempstress, after the fashion of our grandmothers. She had been a comely body, too; and would have been still, if she had not been thin and pale and anxious-eyed.

She was tired out to-night because she had been working hard all day for a lady who lived far up in the "New Wards" beyond Harlem River, and after the long journey home, she had to climb seven flights

of tenement-house stairs. She was too tired, both in body and in mind, to cook the two little chops she had brought home. She would save them for breakfast, she thought. So she made herself a cup of tea on the miniature stove, and ate a slice of dry bread with it. It was too much trouble to make toast.

But after dinner she watered her flowers. She was never too tired for that: and the six pots of geraniums that caught the south sun on the top of the cornice did their best to repay her. Then she sat down in her rocking chair by the window and looked out. Her eye was high above all the other buildings, and she could look across some low roofs opposite, and see the further end of Tompkins Square, with its sparse Spring green showing faintly through the dusk. The eternal roar of the city floated up to her and vaguely troubled her. She was a country girl, and although she had lived for ten years in New York, she had never grown used to that ceaseless murmur. To-night she felt the languor of the new season as well as the heaviness of physical exhaustion. She was almost too tired to go to bed.

She thought of the hard day done and the hard day to be begun after the night spent on the hard little bed. She thought of the peaceful days in the country, when she taught school in the Massachusetts village where she was born. She thought of a hundred small slights that she had to bear

from people better fed than bred. She thought of the sweet green fields that she rarely saw nowadays. She thought of the long journey forth and back that must begin and end her morrow's work, and she wondered if her employer would think to offer to pay her fare. Then she pulled herself together. She must think of more agreeable things, or she could not sleep. And as the only agreeable things she had to think about were her flowers, she looked at the garden on top of the cornice.

A peculiar gritting noise made her look down, and she saw a cylindrical object that glittered in the twilight, advancing in an irregular and uncertain manner toward her flower-pots. Looking closer, she saw that it was a pewter beer-mug, which somebody in the next apartment was pushing with a two-foot rule. On top of the beer-mug was a piece of paper, and on this paper was written, in a sprawling, half-formed hand:

*porter
pleas excuse the libberty And
drink it*

The seamstress started up in terror, and shut the window. She remembered that there was a man in the next apartment. She had seen him on the stairs, on Sundays. He seemed a grave, decent person; but—he must be drunk. She sat down on her bed, all a-tremble. Then she reasoned with herself. The man was drunk, that was all. He probably would not annoy her further. And if he did, she had only to retreat to Mrs. Mulvaney's apartment in the rear, and Mr. Mulvaney, who was a highly respectable man and worked in a boiler-shop, would protect her. So, being a poor woman who had already had occasion to excuse—and refuse—two or three "libberties" of like sort, she made up her mind to go to bed like a reasonable seamstress, and she did. She was rewarded, for when her light was out, she could see in the moonlight that the two-foot rule appeared again, with one joint bent back, hitched itself into the mug-handle, and withdrew the mug.

The next day was a hard one for the little seamstress, and she hardly thought of the affair of the night before until the same hour had come around again, and she sat once more by her window. Then she smiled at the remembrance. "Poor fellow," she said in her charitable heart, "I've no doubt he's awfully ashamed of it now. Perhaps he was never tipsy before. Perhaps he didn't know there was a lone woman in here to be frightened."

Just then she heard a gritting sound. She looked down. The pewter pot was in front of her, and the two-foot rule was slowly retiring. On the pot was a piece of paper, and on the paper was:

*porter
good for the helth
it makes meet*

This time the little seamstress shut her window with a bang of indignation. The color rose to her pale cheeks. She thought that she would go down to see the janitor at once. Then she remembered the seven flights of stairs; and she resolved to see the janitor in the morning. Then she went to bed and saw the mug drawn back just as it had been drawn back the night before.

The morning came, but, somehow, the seamstress did not care to complain to the janitor. She hated to make trouble—and the janitor might think—and—and—well, if the wretch did it again she would speak to him herself, and that would settle it.

And so, on the next night, which was a Thursday, the little seamstress sat down by her window, resolved to settle the matter. And she had not sat there long, rocking in the creaking little rocking-chair which she had brought with her from her old home, when the pewter pot hove in sight, with a piece of paper on the top.

This time the legend read:

*Perhaps you are afraid i will
adress you
i am not that kind*

The seamstress did not quite know whether to laugh or to cry. But she felt that the time had come for speech. She leaned out of her window and addressed the twilight heaven.



"Mr. Smith was given to Sunday trips into the suburbs and he never came back without a bunch of daisies or golden-rod for the little seamstress."

"Mr.—Mr.—sir—I—will you please put your head out of the window so that I can speak to you?"

The silence of the other room was undisturbed. The seamstress drew back, blushing. But before she could nerve herself for another attack, a piece of paper appeared on the end of the two-foot rule:

*when i Say a thing i
mene it
i have Sed i would not
Adress you and i
Will not*

What was the little seamstress to do? She stood by the window and thought hard about it. Should she complain to the janitor? But the creature was perfectly respectful. No doubt he meant to be kind. He certainly was kind, to waste these pots of porter on her. She remembered the last time—and the first—that she had drunk porter. It was at home, when she was a young girl, after she had had the diphtheria. She remembered how good it was, and how it had given her back her strength. And without one thought of what she was doing, she lifted the pot of porter and took one little reminiscent sip—two little reminiscent sips—and became aware of her utter fall and defeat. She blushed now as she had never blushed before, put

the pot down, closed the window, and fled to her bed like a deer to the woods.

And when the porter arrived the next night, bearing the simple appeal:

*Dont be afraid of it
drink it all*

the little seamstress arose and grasped the pot firmly by the handle, and poured its contents over the earth around her largest geranium. She poured the contents out to the last drop, and then she dropped the pot, and ran back and sat on her bed and cried, with her face hid in her hands.

"Now," she said to herself, "you've done it! And you're just as nasty and hard-hearted and suspicious and mean as—as pusley!"

And she wept to think of her hardness of heart. "He will never give me a chance to say I am sorry," she thought. And, really, she might have spoken kindly to the poor man, and told him that she was much obliged to him, but that he really mustn't ask her to drink porter with him.

"But it's all over and done now," she said to herself, as she sat at her window on Saturday night. And then she looked at the cornice, and saw the faithful little pewter pot traveling slowly toward her.

She was conquered. This act of Christian forbearance was too much for her kindly spirit. She read the inscription on the paper:

*porter is good for Flours
but better for Fokes*

and she lifted the pot to her lips, which were not half so red as her cheeks, and took a good, hearty, graceful draught.

She sipped in thoughtful silence after this first plunge, and presently she was surprised to find the bottom of the pot in full view.

On the table at her side a few pearl buttons were screwed up in a bit of white paper. She untwisted the paper and smoothed it out, and wrote in a tremulous hand—she could write a very neat hand—

Thanks.

This she laid on the top of the pot, and in a moment the bent two-foot rule appeared and drew the mail-carriage home. Then she sat still, enjoying the warm glow of the porter, which seemed to have permeated her entire being with a heat that was not at all like the unpleasant and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, an atmosphere heavy with the Spring damp. A gritting on the tin aroused her. A piece of paper lay under her eyes.

*fine groing weather
Smith*

it said.

Now it is unlikely that in the whole round and range of conversational commonplaces there was one other greeting that could have induced the seamstress to continue the exchange of communications. But this simple and homely phrase touched her country heart. What did "groing weather" matter to the toilers in this waste of brick and mortar? This stranger must be, like herself, a country-bred soul, longing for the new green and the upturned brown mould of the country fields. She took up the paper, and wrote under the first message:

Fine

But that seemed curt; for she added: "for" what? She did not know. At last in desperation she put down *potatoes*. The piece of paper was withdrawn and came back with an addition:

Too mist for potatos.



"The bent rule drew the mail carriage home"

And when the little seamstress had read this, and grasped the fact that *m-i-s-t* represented the writer's pronunciation of "moist," she laughed softly to herself. A man whose mind, at such a time, was seriously bent upon potatoes, was not a man to be feared. She found a half-sheet of note-paper, and wrote:

*I lived in a small village before I came
to New York, but I am afraid I do not
know much about farming. Are you a
farmer?*

The answer came:

*have ben most Every thing
farmed a Spel in Maine
Smith*

As she read this, the seamstress heard a church clock strike nine.

"Bless me, is it so late?" she cried, and she hurriedly penciled *Good Night*, thrust the paper out, and closed the window. But a few minutes later, passing by, she saw yet another bit of paper on the cornice, fluttering in the evening breeze. It said only *good nite*, and after a moment's hesitation, the little seamstress took it in and gave it shelter.

After this, they were the best of friends. Every evening the pot appeared, and while the seamstress drank from it at her window, Mr. Smith drank from his twin at his; and notes were exchanged as rapidly as Mr. Smith's early education permitted. They told each other their histories, and Mr. Smith's was one of travel and variety, which he seemed to consider quite a matter of course. He had followed the sea, he had farmed, he had been a logger and a hunter in the Maine woods. Now he was foreman of an East River lumber yard, and he was prospering. In a year or two he would have enough laid by to go home to Bucksport and buy a share in a ship-building business. All this dribbled out in the course of a jerky but variegated correspondence, in which autobiographic details were mixed with reflections, moral and philosophical.

A few samples will give an idea of Mr. Smith's style:

*i was one trip to van demens
land*

To which the seamstress replied:

It must have been very interesting.

But Mr. Smith disposed of this subject very briefly:

it wornt

(Continued on page 23)

PUCK'S Idea for a College Army is Coming True

When, in the course of our reading, we see Puck jokes, Puck miscellany and Puck cartoons copied in other publications, and duly credited, we naturally are pleased. When we see Puck editorials reprinted elsewhere with favorable comment, it gives us additional reason to be gratified. And when a Puck idea, a big, serious idea, with no element of the joke about it, is taken up and endorsed by the President of the United States and hundreds of other public men, and then put into actual practice, just as Puck proposed it should be, we feel that to be proud is our legitimate privilege, and we are proud.

In the fall of 1914, this paper suggested editorially that the colleges and universities of the United States had a part to play in the great work of national defense. It was no sketchy program, made in a paragraph one week and forgotten the next, but a detailed scheme for the beginnings of a University Army which should train college men along military lines and make them the basis of a skilled reserve upon which the United States might call with confidence in time of war. The initial Puck editorial, printed in the issue

PUCK Showed the Way

From an Editorial in Puck,
November 14, 1914

The universities and colleges of our country could solve the problem of adequate military defense. Trained men could be recruited from the ranks of our students by a simple system. For less money than is at present expended for the football team, a system of military drill, under the supervision of a corps of trained experts, could be installed which would be of real body-building benefit to every student. The colleges through the medium of the athletic associations could easily appoint two days a week on which the entire college should assemble for military drill, maneuvering, and military exercises. Puck suggests that a university army, whose regiments would be the student body of our colleges, would meet the needs of the physical development of the students and of national emergency defense.

of November 14, 1914, is much too lengthy to quote in full here, but we print elsewhere on this page the gist of it.

In all its career, Puck never took an editorial stand which attracted more attention. Less than a month later, President Wilson in his annual message urged the same sort of training for the youth of the land, and of the many hundreds of letters which Puck received, one of the most gratifying was from Major-General Leonard Wood, Commander of the Department of the East.

Better than letters of commendation, however, are the practical results of Puck's campaign. The movement for modern military training has taken hold in the colleges and at both Yale and Harvard, Puck's proposal of a University Peace Reserve has advanced from theory to practice.

To indicate the hold which the college army idea has taken at Harvard, it is but necessary to state that the Harvard regiment has been recruited to a strength of eight companies, of approximately one hundred and twenty men each, making a total of some eleven hundred and twenty men in the command. A special non-commissioned officers' school is held once a week. Drills have been held in the baseball cage, but later in the Spring, it will be possible to hold battalion and regimental drills in both close and extended order, with occasional tactical walks and combat problems.

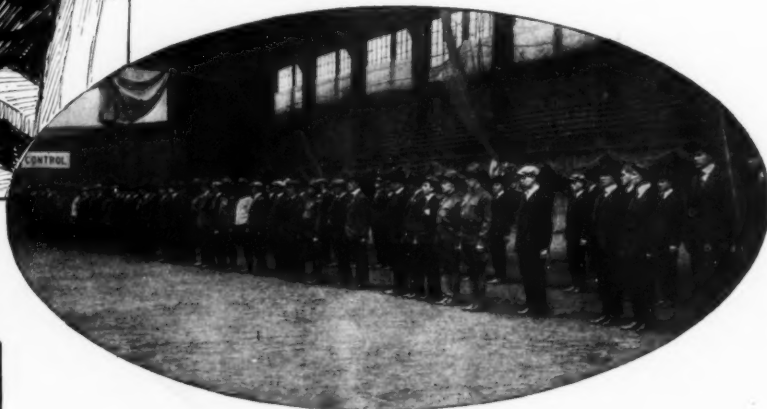
The Yale Battery had its beginnings at the Plattsburg encampment last Summer, the suggestion that the organization be of the artillery branch coming from General Wood. At this time, the most optimistic predicted 150 applicants for enlistment, but when the rolls were opened 950 candidates applied. Owing to the interest expressed in Red Cross Work by several undergraduates who had not enlisted in the battery, a Yale hospital corps has been formed, and in addition to that, an aerial corps.

These steps at two of the greatest American universities have been watched with keenest satisfaction by Puck. It asks for no niche in the Hall of Fame. Puck asks simply for recognition; recognition that a humorous paper may have serious ideals, and that practical service can come even from a "joke sheet."



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT

Above is Mr. Westerman's notion of the way it was done in the past. To the right, is part of the modern process, the new Harvard regiment at drill.





Puck

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



Run Down

To-morrow evening Miss Phyllis Bedells makes her final appearance at the London Empire, where she has danced without interruption for nine and one half years.

—*The Bristol (Eng.) Times and Mirror.*

The Spread of Culture

A Gainesville lady recently invited her old aunty washwoman into the parlor to hear the phonograph play "Le Miserere," and was greatly surprised and somewhat provoked when the old colored mammy remarked: "Lawdy, I sho like that piece. We done have it at home. We also have the 'Sextet from Lucia,' 'Selections from Faust' and a lot more good records. I sure will bring some up for you-alls to hear."

—*The Gainesville (Tex.) Register.*

Preparedness

R. B. Barbier, 2514 Lafayette street, employed by the Wildwood builders, was removed to the Lutheran Hospital yesterday, where he will undergo a surgical operation.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock at the residence, 425 Greenlawn avenue.

—*The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Journal Gazette.*

Expansion

James Hudkins bought a mule north of Bryan last week. He also has a new parlor he entertains his company in.

—*The Bryan (O.) Press.*

Why Some Men Are Single

A. O. Lundquist, who was married three weeks ago, is able to be out again and will likely be able to assume his duties as carpenter and contractor soon.

—*The Montezuma (Colo.) Journal.*

In Leap Year

The bride is an aggressive young lady.

—*The Hazzard (Ky.) Mountain Star.*

What Sort of a Beast Is He?

Victim Had Both Lower Jaws Broken.

—*Headline in the Okmulgee (Okla.) Democrat.*

Able to Help Himself

John Albott has been caring for a very sick horse for the last week, but is better at present.

—*The Montpelier (O.) Enterprise.*

No Others Need Apply

WANTED—A seven-inch baker and eight-inch dishmaker. Apply at Salem China Company.

—*Adv. in the East Liverpool (O.) Review.*

This Makes It Clear

We would like to correct an error which occurred in last week's Chronicle regarding the illness of Mrs. Don son who has not yet arrived in Wy-Richardson. It was Mr. Don Richard-topitlock, instead of Mrs. Richardson.

—*The Lincoln (Me.) Chronicle.*

What Congressmen Are For

Congressman W. A. Ayers has our thanks for several favors extended to this office recently. Mr. Ayers seems to be alive to his duties in Washington.

—*The Conway Springs (Kan.) Star.*

The Old Tunes Are Best

We are in hopes that by the time the colt show comes off next fall the band can play a few new pieces of music, as it is they have played the same music since the organization several years ago.

—*The Altamont (Mo.) Times.*

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to

K. S., care of Puck.

Trusting

The violin was made in 1626 by Fecit Anno Domini. Proof of the date is to be seen on an age-worn paper inside of the case.

—*The Valparaiso (Ind.) Vidette.*

Juxtaposition

The health of this creek isn't very good at present. Mr. Smith is on the sick list. Mr. Drown's favorite mule is sick.

—*Bartramville cor. of the Ironton (O.) Register.*

Versatile Animal

Harry Mahan of Covell has bought a cow and is now supplying his neighbors with butter and fresh eggs.

—*The Lincoln (Ill.) Star.*

Simplicity in Advertising

Look on the handle of your umbrella. If it's got my name on it—it ain't yourn. I've got your'n at The Guide office.

—*The Dunn (N. C.) Guide.*

An Old One

Mr. Sykes has been married fifty years and his war stories are well worth listening to.

—*The Lansing (Wis.) Banner.*

Gracious and Kind

Mrs. J. S. Perrine is seriously ill at her home on Chester avenue.

silverware were presented to her and she was wished "Many Happy Returns of the Day."

—*Moorestown (N. J.) Chronicle.*

In the Whirl of Life

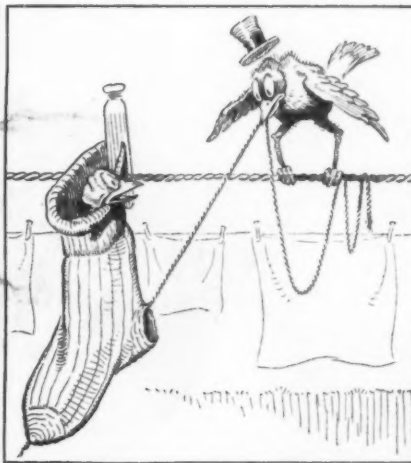
A fine Plymouth Rock rooster valued at \$150 dropped dead in his coop at the Fort Worth Poultry Show, immediately after having been awarded the first prize.

—*The Terry County Herald, Brownfield, Terry County, Texas.*

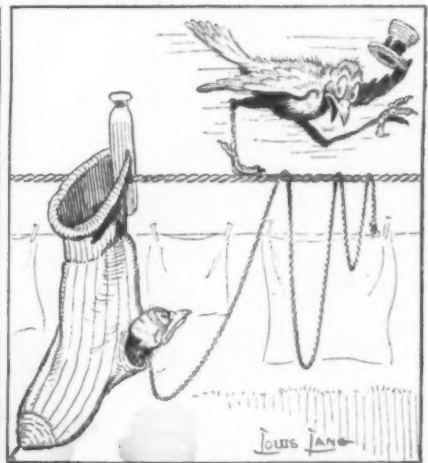
ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE—XV



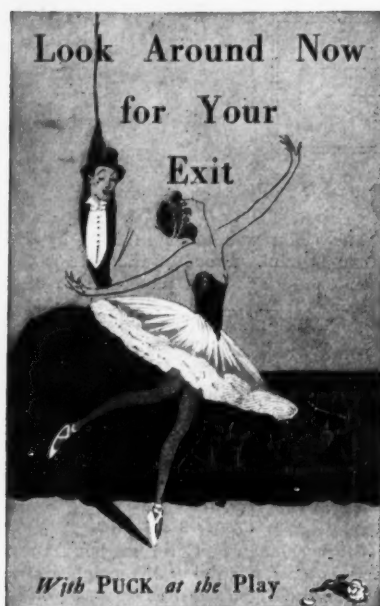
"I'll make a call"



"Stop that! Don't ravel out my nest"



"Excuse me—I thought that was the latch-string hanging out"



Referred to First Nighters

After you have struggled with the query printed on page 12, Puck has another problem to propound.

But be fairly warned: this is no idle question, nor easy of solution. It is one with which critic, press-agent, actor and audience—to preserve the order of importance—have wrestled for many a season.

We put it up to the First Nighters of Gotham now, and eagerly await their answer:

When does the Tired Business Man become tired?

We have sat beside him at musical comedies that would send any man home tired, whether in business or not—without detecting a telltale sign.

On the other hand, we have seen the selfsame T. B. M. emerge from a tragedy where the parquet ran rivulets of tears, with a smile from ear to ear.

When do his eyelids finally droop?

Is it at that moment when Freddie Housmann leans over to Diamond Jim Brady and says:

"Come on out, Jim; that's the same chorus they had in the *Little Tycoon* in '88. I recognize that spear, third from the left."



The Comanche chief in "The Heart of Wetona" provides a thrill.

Or is it at the instant the T. B. M.'s eye catches the following in the program:

Well dressed men this year are affecting brocaded foulard waistcoats—pronounced westcoats—bound with gold-braid and set off with large buttons of polished onyx.

We confess our utter inability to answer this moot question. Perhaps you can help.

When do you think the muscles of the T. B. M.'s inferior maxillary begin to relax?

The Films Get Theirs

Everybody kicks a thing that's down. A year ago, when everything connected with the movies spelled untold gold, neither Broadway theatres or managers would have thought of satirizing the films. But there has been a halt in the progress of the all-conquering photo-plays and we find "Pay Day," by Oliver D. Bailey and Lottie Meaney, a frank satire on the movies.

When this play was first announced, the advertising read simply that it was a drama of New York life. Stripped of its prologue and epilogue the play is not weirdly worse than many Broadway melodramas that have enthralled audiences for months. If the satire isn't always obvious—it wasn't on the first night to most of the dramatic reviewers—it is at least restrained. Few of the actors could get jobs in the movies if they dressed as they do in "Pay Day." The heroine's hair was sadly out of the picture and there wasn't a third enough of it. The villain wouldn't do at all. He lacked the obvious veneer of the Westerner that movie audiences have long since come to demand. The best bits of movie satire in "Pay Day" were the piano and the titles that were flashed on the screen. Here is one:

In the dead silence of the court-room, a lonely figure stood—and waited—lifting her eyes to the vast sea of faces—grim countenances without a trace of human compassion—she heard the one word, "Guilty." A hand on her shoulder—and with faltering step,

Doris Fenton was dimly aware she was being led away—out into the abyss of never-ending despair, sentenced to serve a life term for MURDER—five long, weary years of heartache and horror. She waited and planned and then one bleak wintry morning she escaped and—

If the same method of turning the play inside-out had been applied to "The Greatest Nation," it might have been received as the greatest comedy of years.

Urban Every Day

With no better excuse than the Garden of Paradise, the very bad stage fairy tale that Edward Sheldon made out of Andersen's good one, Joseph Urban designed the most beautiful



Mitzi Hajos as "Pom-Pom" goes to the Apache Headquarters

scenery that he has ever done. This did not make him famous. He gained reputation from the scenery that he did for "The Follies of 1915." Now, scenery is more apt than not to be designed by Urban, and the Broadway managers who were slow to have anything to do with the new art of stage decoration, now won't do without it—that is Urban. The quality has not improved with the quantity and some of the recent work, particularly that in "The Greatest Nation" and "Pom-Pom," has been very bad.

Realism and Thrills

It was almost with a feeling of decided relief that one turned to the realistic settings with their distracting details in the Belasco production, "The Heart of Wetona."

For those persons who think that melodrama is of advantage, this play will not do. There are some splendid thrills and there are Indians. And there is some bad character-drawing so that both the thrills and the Indians

could be crowded in. It isn't Oklahoma of the present day or another day. When the husband with automatic sits in the dark waiting for one of two doors to open—his wife's or her lover's—we have a thrill. Not a new thrill but one that will always quicken the pulse no matter how much fashions may change in the theatre. Altogether there is much to commend and little to remember in this performance. It is not another "Treasure Island" and Lenore Ulrich's acting is not like Laurette Taylor's, no matter how inevitable the comparisons.

Looking Up

"The Fear Market," by Amelie Rives, and "The Earth," by James O. B. Fagin, are both about newspapers, and some of the ethics of publishing. Neither will be helpful to publishers and neither will much enlighten the public about "the fourth estate." "The Fear Market" does prove, however, that it is still possible to write for the stage with a tinge of literary value, and "The Earth" proves that it is still possible for an entire company to act well.

Extracting the Humor

There still seems to be considerable reluctance to be funny upon the part of writers of musical comedy librettos. "Pom Pom," by Anne Cauldwell, and "The Road to Mandalay," by Wm. McKenna, are not exceptions. It would be difficult to find anything with less spontaneity and humor than the circus burlesque of the former. We are introduced to Mr. Onion, the strongest man in the world, and we are expected to be amused when the hard-working comedian, in response to a pointed finger, says, "That's the elephant's trunk." "If that is so," asks the star, "is that his suit-case?" She points to the stage beast's tail.

In "The Road to Mandalay" two men are seated at a table before an inn. One is the proprietor. He calls to the waiter: "Bring a bottle of our best." Some minutes elapse. The guest says: "I'll take another bottle of that wine." "Oh, that's not wine," replies the proprietor, "that's absent."

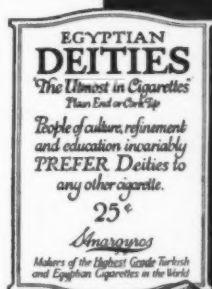
Some of the music in "Pom Pom," especially "In the Dark," has charm. "Oh, Evelyn" is a good song, and has always been so.

The music in "The Road to Mandalay" was written by Oreste Vessella, the Steel Pier band-leader of Atlantic City. It has workmanship.

England used too long a wind-up and the German fleet got back to base.

It is odd that no one ever called the Oscar II a teapot in a tempest.

Puck



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"Thank you, Mr. Shorty, same time again next Saturday night"

Back to Rationalism

Vermont was first wooed and won by the Prohibitionists in 1852. The state remained dry for fifty years, and then fell off the wagon.

The white ribbon host tried to lift the backslider back into grace early this month, and discovered to their amazement that there were 31,000 Vermonters who preferred to regulate their own conduct, against 18,000 who were willing to embrace Hobsonism.

Poor Vermont will no longer be "pointed to with pride."

It must be an immense relief to the President to know that he has Congress back of him. Quite a distance back of him.

Immortal

"Humorist, eh? What's he famous for?"

"He never wrote a burlesque on a trip to the dentist's."

"Cato learned Greek at eighty; isn't that marvellous?"

"Oh, I don't know; my grandmother is learning to skate at eighty-six."

Agreed

FARMER (to autoist who has stopped and is reading his guide-book): What's the matter, Mister?

AUTOIST: I'm puzzled. According to the guide-book there ought to be a saloon at these forks in the road.

FARMER: You bet; that's just what I've been arguing for thirty years.

Even Colonel House has vicious enemies. He has just been suggested for the Vice-Presidency.

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National Sportsman, 253 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

The Love-Letters of Smith

(Continued from page 17)

Further he vouchsafed:

*i seen a chinese cook in
hong kong could cook flapjacks
like your Mother*

*a mishnery that sells Rum
is the menest of Gods crechers*

*a bulfite is not what it is
cract up to Be*

*the dagos are wussen the
brutes*

*i am 6 13/4
but my Father was 6 foot 4*

The seamstress had taught school one Winter, and she could not refrain from making an attempt to reform Mr. Smith's orthography. One evening, in answer to this communication:

*i killa a Bare in Maine 600
lbs waight*

she wrote:

Is n't it generally spelled Bear?

but she gave up the attempt when he responded:

*a bare is a mene animle any
way you spel him*

The Spring wore on, and the Summer came, and still the evening drink and the evening correspondence brightened the close of each day for the little seamstress. And the draught of porter put her to sleep each night, giving her a calmer rest than she had ever known during her stay in the noisy city; and it began, moreover, to make a little "meet" for her. And then the thought that she was going to have an hour of pleasant companionship somehow gave her courage to cook and eat her little dinner, however tired she was. The seamstress's cheeks began to blossom with the June roses.

And all this time Mr. Smith kept his vow of silence unbroken, though the seamstress sometimes tempted him with little ejaculations and exclamations to which he might have responded. He was silent and invisible. Only the smoke of his pipe, and the clink of his mug as he set it down on the cornice, told her that a living, material Smith was her correspondent. They never met on the stairs, for their hours of coming and going did not coincide. Once or twice they passed each other in the street—but Mr. Smith looked straight ahead of him, about a foot over her head. The little seamstress thought he was a very fine-looking man, with his six feet one and three-quarters and his thick brown beard. Most people would have called him plain.

Once she spoke to him. She was coming home one Summer evening, and a gang of corner-loafers stopped her and demanded money to buy beer, as is their custom. Before she had time to be frightened, Mr. Smith appeared—whence, she knew not—scattered the gang like chaff, and, collaring two of the human hyenas, kicked them, with deliberate, ponderous, alternate kicks, until they writhed in ineffable agony. When he let them crawl away, she turned to him and thanked him warmly, looking very pretty now, with the color in her cheeks. But Mr. Smith answered no word. He stared over her head, grew red in the face, fidgeted nervously, but held his peace until his eyes fell on a rotund Teuton, passing by.

"Say, Dutchy!" he roared.

The German stood aghast.

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Ruck

"I ain't got nothing to write with!" thundered Mr. Smith, looking him in the eye. And then the man of his word passed on his way.

And so the Summer went on, and the two correspondents chatted silently from window to window, hid from sight of all the world below by the friendly cornice. And they looked out over the roof, and saw the green of Tompkins Square grow darker and dustier as the months went on.

Mr. Smith was given to Sunday trips into the suburbs, and he never came back without a bunch of daisies or black-eyed Susans or, later, asters or golden-rod for the little seamstress. Sometimes, with a sagacity rare in his sex, he brought her a whole plant, with fresh loam for potting.

He gave her also a reel in a bottle, which, he wrote, he had "maid" himself, and some coral, and a dried flying-fish, that was somewhat fearful to look upon, with its sword-like fins and its hollow eyes. At first, she could not go to sleep with that flying-fish hanging on the wall.

But he surprised the little seamstress very much one cool September evening, when he shoved this letter along the cornice:

Respected and Honored Madam:
 Having long and vainly sought an opportunity to convey to you the expression of my sentiments, I now avail myself of the privilege of epistolary communication to acquaint you with the fact that the emotions which you have raised in my breast are those which should point to romantic love and affection rather than to simple friendship. In short, Madam, I have the honor to approach you with a proposal, the acceptance of which will fill me with ecstatic gratitude, and enable me to extend to you those protecting cares which the Constitutional Bond makes at once the duty and the privilege of him who would, at no distant date, lead to the nuptial altar one whose charms and virtues should suffice to kindle its flames, without extraneous aid.

*Remaining Dear Madam,
 Your humble servant and
 Admiring Admirer, John Smith*

The little seamstress gazed at this letter a long time. Perhaps she was wondering in what Ready Letter-Writer of the last century Mr. Smith had found his form. Perhaps she was amazed at the results of his first attempt at punctuation. Perhaps she was thinking of something else, for there were tears in her eyes and a smile on her small mouth.

But it must have been a long time, and Mr. Smith must have grown nervous, for presently another communication came along the line where the top of the cornice was worn smooth. It read:

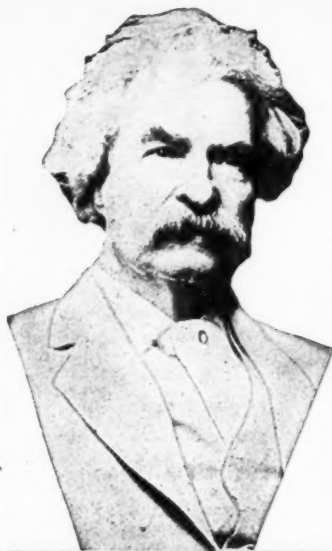
*If not understood will you
 marry me*

The little seamstress seized a piece of paper and wrote:

If I say Yes, will you speak to me?

Then she rose and passed it out to him, leaning out of the window, and their faces met.

Poor little Portugal! She went splashing into the war and the story didn't even make the front page.



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 The Death Disk
 My Debut as a Literary Person
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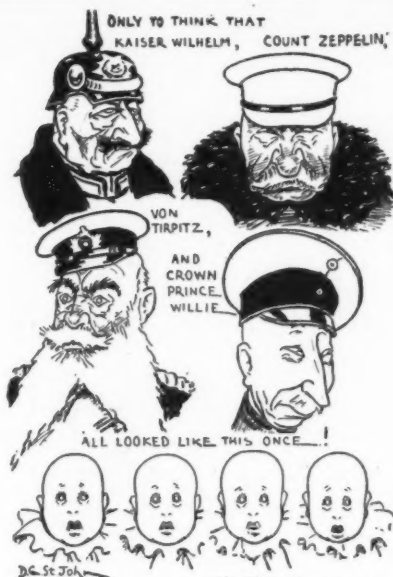
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FUCK

Signature.....

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The Catalogue

An Episode at an Art Exhibit

"George, dear, will you get a catalogue?"

"What do we want a catalogue for?"

"Why, to learn about the pictures; to look at them intelligently. One can't get along without a catalogue."

"They're asking half a dollar for 'em; did you happen to know that?"

"Of course, they never give catalogues away."

"All right; I'll get one." . . .

"What picture is this, George? Look it up in the catalogue and see."

"Which one is it?"

"This one; No. 368; this girl with the red cap."

"Dodgast the thing! I can't find it! Oh, here it is; No. 368; 'Girl with Red Cap.' Lucky thing we bought a catalogue, wasn't it! Enables us to look at the pictures intelligently." . . .

"What's this one, George? This portrait. No. 479."

"That one? Let's see. No. 479. Here it is. Portrait of a lady is — er — 'Portrait of a Lady.' One can't get along without a catalogue, can one?" . . .

"If you can cut out your sarcasm long enough to do it, George, you might see what this sunset is. No. 218."

"Might? Why, of course I will. Don't you suppose I'm as anxious as you are to look at the pictures intelligently? Number — 218. Here you are. 'Sunset.' Don't you pity the people who can never grasp the inner meaning of pictures?" . . .

"What impressed you most, George, dear?"

"Me? Oh, 'Portrait of a Gentleman with Catalogue.'"

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Puck



— From Brann's Iconoclast.
THE AVERAGE CITIZEN DOESN'T NEED IT

The Vampire in Literature

The veil of doubt that has hidden so successfully that engrossingly conspicuous vampire woman of the movies, is to be lifted. Theda Bara, whose given name spells "death," if the letters are sufficiently shaken up, and whose family name, if read Chinese fashion, spells "Arab," is to knock-off vampiring for a while to write the story of her life. Movie patrons have long since been divided into the camp of those who knew someone who saw Theda act in Paris, and those who had a relative who knew someone who remembered her in Cincinnati. It is really to be regretted that this wonderful mystery should be spoiled. When, in an interview a few weeks ago, Theda said:

And what, pray, has that to do with my art? What does it matter who I am or whence I came? Is it not enough that I am here, with a certain gift, perhaps, for expressing my feelings through the new pantomime art of the cinema, without knowing about my antecedents?

we believed her. Still, if in her book she tells us what she thought of Geraldine's "Carmen," things won't be so bad, and we do hope that she writes that Geraldine had to go back to the Opera in order to advertise a "singer's Carmen."

"That pretty little fortune teller at the charity bazaar spoke the truth when she said Gayboy would be married soon."

"That so? Who did he marry?"

"The pretty little fortune teller at the charity bazaar."

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